

THE  
SYNAGOGVE,  
OR,  
THE SHADOW  
OF THE  
TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS,  
AND  
PRIVATE EJA-  
CVLATIONS.

In imitation of M<sup>r</sup>. GEORGE  
HERBERT.

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*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima  
qua<sup>e</sup>, proponere.*

Plin. Secund. lib. 1. Epist. 5.

*Not to imitate th<sup>e</sup> best example is the greatest folly.*

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LONDON,  
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Paine, at the golden Lion in St.  
Paul's Church-yard. 1640.





## The Dedication.

Lord, my first fruits should have been sent to thee,  
For thou the tree  
That bare them, onely lentest unto me.

But while I had the use, the fruit was mine,  
Not so divine  
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe, it fell unto the ground :  
And since I found  
It bruised in the dirt, nor cleane nor sound ;

Some I have wip'd and pickt, and bring thee now,  
Lord, thou know'ft how :  
Gladly I would, but dare it not avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,  
Accept the rest :  
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

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## Subterliminare.

# A stepping-stone to the threshold of Mr. Herbert's Church-porch.

**D**ic, Cujus templum? Christi. Quis Condidit? ede.

Condidit Herbertus: dic, quibus auxiliis?

Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mibi dicere fas est,

Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.

Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia, proximam obstat

Ingenium, dicens cuncta fuisse sua.

Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo:

Nec facile est lucem composuisse mibi.

Divide: Materiam det gratia, Materies,

Ingenium cultus induat, artisq; Modos.

Non: ne displiceat pariter res Omnibus ista,

Nec sonita veluti jure vocare sua;

Nempe pari sibi jure perire cultusq;, modosq;,

Materiamq;, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.

Ergo velut quis dubitarem tollere elemosum,

De templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.

In templo Herberti cunctando est Gratia totus,

Ars pariter totus, totus & Ingenium.

Cedite Romane, Graiae quoq; cedite Muse:

Vnum pra cunctis Anglia jactei opus.

edT P

What



## WORLDS AT SIGHT

and so I have had little time to sit in gloom,  
but now and then

the world seems to me grand and full

and the world seems to me small  
and the world seems to me full

and the world seems to me empty

and the world seems to me full  
and the world seems to me empty

and the world seems to me full

won and gained her, who has given you I would  
not if would not, but I

would not give up my life

and so I have had little time to sit in gloom,  
but now and then

the world seems to me grand and full

and the world seems to me small  
and the world seems to me full

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## Subterliminare.

# A stepping-stone to the threshold of Mr. Herbert's Church-porch.

Dic, Cuius templum? Christi. Quis condidit? eadem.  
Condidit Herbertus: dic, quibus auxiliis?  
Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mibi dicere fas est,  
Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.  
Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia, primum obstat  
Ingenium, dicens cuncta fuisse sua.  
Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo:  
Nec facile est lucem composuisse mihi.  
Divide: Materiam et gratia, Materiesque,  
Ingenium cultus induat, arisque, Modos.  
Non: ne displiceat pariter res Omnibus ista,  
Nec sortida vetiora jura docere sua;  
Nempe parisi jure perlungi cultusque modosque,  
Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.  
Ergo velut quis dubitarem tollere elenchem,  
De templo Herberti talia dicta dabui.  
In templo Herbertus condendo est. Gratia totus,  
Ars pariter totus, totus & Ingenium.  
Cedite Romane, Graii quoque cedite Muse,  
Vnum pre cunctis Anglia jactei opus.

## The Synagogue.

**W**hat Church is this? Christ's Church. Who builds  
Mr. George Herbert. Who assisted it? (it)

Many assisted: who, I may not say,  
So much contention might arise that way.

If I say Grace gave all, Wit straight doth thwart,  
And says all that is there is mine: but Art  
Denies and says ther's nothing there but's mine:  
Nor can I easily the right define.

Divide: say, Grace the matter gave, and Wit  
Did polish it, Art measured and made fit  
Each severall piece, and fram'd it all together.

No, by no means; this may not please them neither.  
None's well contented with a part alone,  
When each doth challenge all to be his owne:  
The matter, the expressions, and the measures,  
Are equally Arts, Wits, and Graces treasures.  
Then he that would impartially discuss  
This doubtfull question, must answer thus:  
In building of this temple Mr. Herbert  
Is equally all Grace, all Wit, all Art.

Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:  
One English Poem darkens all your day.

## ¶ The Church-yard.

**T**Hou that intendest to the Church to day,  
Come take a turn or two, before thou go'st,  
In the Church-yard: the walk is in the way,  
Who takes best heed in going, hasteth most: yet at  
But he that unprepared rashly ventures,  
Hastens perhaps to seal his death: Intentrees.

¶ The

## The Synagogue.

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## ¶ The Church-stile.

Rest thou that stile? observe then how it rises  
Step after step, and equally descends:  
Such is the way to winne celestiall prizes;  
Humility the course begins and ends.  
Wouldst thou in grace to high perfection grow?  
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy selfe, and God will lift thee up;  
Those that exalt themselves, he casteth down:  
The hungry he invites with him to sup,  
And cleathes the naked with his robe and Crown.  
Think not thou hast what thou from him would'st  
His labour's lost, if thou thy self canst save. (have;

Pride is the prodigalitie of grace,  
Which casteth all away by griping all:  
Humilitie is thrift, both keeps its place,  
And gaines by giving, rises by its fall.  
To get by giving, and to loose by keeping,  
Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

## ¶ The Church-gate.

Next to the stile, see where the gate doth stand,  
Which turning upon hooks and hinges may  
Easily be shut or open'd with one hand,  
Yet constant in its center still doth stay;  
And fetching a wide compasse round about,  
Keeps the same course and distance, never out.

## The Synagogue.

Such must the course be that to Heaven tends :  
 He that the gates of righteousnesse would enter,  
 Must still continue constant to his ends,  
 And fix himselfe in God as in his center.

Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way  
 Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we loose our hold  
 Of him that is our way, our light, our guide ;  
 But when we grow of our own strength too bold,  
 Vnhookt from him, we quickly turn aside.

He holds us up, whilst in him we are found ;  
 If once we fall from him, we goe to ground.

## The Church-wals.

**N**ow view the Wals, the Church is compast round,  
 As much for safety as for ornament :  
 'Tis an inclosure, and no common grounds,  
 'Tis Gods freehold, and but our tenement.  
 Tenants at will, and yet in taile we be ;  
 Our children have the same right to't as we.

Remember there must be no glatts left ope,  
 Where God hath fenc'd for feare of false illusions :  
 God will have all or none ; allows no scope  
 For sinnes incroachments, and mens own intrusions.

Clole binding locks his laws together fast :  
 He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all, or else for none ;  
 Obedience universall he doth claime ;  
 Either be wholly his, or all thine owne.  
 At what thou canst not reach, at least take aime.  
 He that of purpose looks beside the marke,  
 Night as well hoodwinkt shoot, or in the darke.

**T**he

## *The Synagogue.*

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## **¶ The Church.**

**L**Astly consider where the Church doth stand;  
As neer unto the middle as may be :  
God in his service chiefly doth command  
Above all other things sinceritie.

Lines drawn from side to side within a round,  
Not meeting in the Center, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing  
That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him :  
He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,  
Must fetch it from the bottome, not the brim.

A sacred Temple of the Holy Ghost  
Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchymie,  
That casts a golden tincture upon brasie :  
There is no essence in it ; 'tis a lye,  
Though fairely stamp't for truth it often passe :  
Onely the Spirits aqua regia doth  
Discover it to be but painted froth.

## **¶ The Church-porch.**

**N**ow ere thou passest further, sit thee down  
In the Church-porch, & think what thou hast seen ;  
Let due consideration either crown,  
Or crush thy former purposes. Between  
Rash undertakings and firme resolutions,  
Depends the strength or weaknesse of conclusions.

Trace

## The Synagogue.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory,  
And first resolve of that thou heardest last:

*Sinceritie.* It blots the historie

Of all religions actions, and doth blast

The comfort of them, when in them *God* sees

Nothing but outsides of formalities,

In earnest be religious, trifle not;

And rather for Gods sake then for thine own:

Thou hast rob'd him, unlesse that he have got

By giving, if his glory be not grown

Together with thy good. Who seeketh more

Himself then God, would make his rooof his stoorc.

Next to sinceritie remember still,

Thou must resolve upon *Integritie*:

God will have all thou hast; thy minds, thy will,

Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nulltie

It proves, when God, that should have all, doth finde

That there is any one thing left behinde.

And having given him all, thou must receive

All that he gives. Meete his commandement,

Resolve that thine obedience must not leave

Vnillit reach unto the same extent:

For all his precepts are of equall strength,

And measure thy performance to the length.

Then call to minde that *Constancy* must knit

Thine undertakings and thine actions fast:

He that sets forth towards Heaven, and doth sit

Down by the way, will be found short at last.

Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have

An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But

## The Synagoghe.

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ut he that would be constant, must not take  
religion up by fits and starts alone;  
ut his continuall practise must it make:  
his course must be from end to end but one.

Bones often broken and knit up againe; (gaine.  
Loose of their length, though in their strength they

Lastly, remember that *Humilitie* Must solidate and keep all close together.  
What pride puffes up with vaine futilitie,  
Lyes open and expos'd to all ill weather.  
An empty bubble may faire colours carrys;  
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate  
Another's worth, but deale indifferently;  
View the defects of thy spirituall state,  
And others graces with impartiall eye;  
The more thou deemest of thy selfe, the lesse  
Esteeme of thee will all men else expresse.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just  
The summe of all. He that desires to see  
The face of God, in his religion must  
Sincere, entire, constant, and bumble be.  
If thus resolved, feare not to proceed; (speed.  
Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'll

## ¶ Invitation.

## The Synagogue.

### ¶ Invitation.

**T**urn in, my Lord, turn in to mee :  
My heart's an homely place ;  
But thou canst make corruption flee,  
And fill it with thy grace.

So furnished, it will be brave ;  
And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

**I**t was thy lodging once before ;  
It builded was by thee ;  
But I to sinne set ope the doore,

It rendred was by mee ;  
And so thy building once defac'd,  
And in thy roome another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is thine :  
Oh dispisse him, Lord.  
Doe thou but say, this heart is mine,

He's gone at the first word.  
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,  
Thy time is alwaies ; now's mine hower.

Now say to sinne, depart ;  
And, sonne, give me thine heart.  
Thou; that by saying let it be, didst make it ;  
Canst, if thou wilt, by saying give't me, take it.

### ¶ Comfort

*The Synagogue.*

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**¶ Comfort in extremitie.**

Las ! my Lord is going ;

    Oh my woe !

I will be mine undoing,

    If he goe.

He runne and overtake him,

    If he stay,

He cry aloud, and make him

    Look this way.

Oh stay my Lord, my love & tis I.

Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

Bere up thy drooping spirits ;

    I am here.

My all-sufficient merits

    Shall appeare

before the throne of glory

    In thy stead ;

He put into thy story,

    What I did.

Lift up thine eyes, sed soule, and see

Thy Saviour here. Loe, I am he.

Alas ! shall I present

    My sinfullnesse

To thee ? Thou wilt resent

    The loathesomenesse.

Be not afraid, I'le tak

    Thy sinnes on me.

And all my favour make

    To shine on thee.

Lord, what thou'l have me, thou must make me.

As I have made thee, now I take thee.

**¶ Resolution**

## The Synagogue.

### ¶ Resolution and assurance.

**L**ord, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?  
 Beshrew that *not*;  
 It was my sinne begot  
 That question first: Yes Lord, thou wilt;  
 Thy bloud was spilt  
 To wash away my guilt.

**L**ord, I will love thee. Shall I not?  
 Beshrew that *not*.  
 'Twas deaths accursed plot  
 To put that question. Yes I will,  
 Lord, lovethee still  
 In spite of all my ill.

Then life and love continue still;  
 We shall and will  
 My Lord and I, untill  
 In his celestiall hill  
 We love our fill  
 When he hath purged all my ill.

### ¶ The Nativitie.

**V**Nfold thy face, unmaske thy ray,  
 Shine forth, bright Sunne, double the day;  
 Let no malignant misty fume,  
 Nor foggy vapour once presume  
 To interpose thy perfect sight  
 This day, which makes us love thy light

For

## The Synagogue.

II

For ever better that we could  
That blessed object once behold,  
Which is both the circumference  
And center of all excellency;  
Or rather neither, but a treasure  
Unconfined without measure:  
Whose center and circumference  
Including all preheminency,  
Excluding nothing but defect,  
And infinite in each respect;  
Is equally both here and there,  
And now and then, and every where;  
And alwaies one himselfe the same,  
A beeing farre above a name.  
Draw neerthen, and freely poure  
Forth all thy light into that houre  
Which was crowned with his birth,  
And made heaven envy earth.  
Let not his birth-day clouded be,  
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

## Vows broken and rewarded.

Said I not so, that I would sinne no more? I said  
Witness my God, I did.  
Yet I am runne againe upon the score,  
My faults cannot be hid.  
What shall I doe? Make vogs and break them still?  
I will bothe labour lost.  
My good cannot prevail against mine ill,  
The busyness will be crost.  
Oh!

## The Synagogue.

Oh ! say not so ; thou canst not tell, what strength  
 Thy God may give thee at the length.  
 Renew thy vowes, and if thou keep the last,  
 Thy God will pardon all that's past. (may  
 Vow whil'st thou canst ; whil'st thou canst vow, tho'  
 Perhaps performe it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,  
 Whilst he permits thee but to call :  
 Call to thy God for grace to keep  
 Thy vowes ; and if thou break them, weep.  
 Weep for thy broken vowes, and vow againe :  
 Vowes made with tears cannot bee still in vaine.

Then once againe  
 I vow to mend my wayes :  
 Lord say Amen,  
 And thine be all the praise.

## ¶ Confusion.

O how my minde  
 is gravel'd ?  
 not a thought  
 That I can finde,  
 but's ravel'd  
 all to nought.  
 Short ends of threds,  
 and narrow shreds  
 of lists,  
 Knots snarled ruffes,  
 loose broken tufts  
 of twists,

## The Synagogue.

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Are my torne meditations ragged clothing ;  
Which wound and woven shape a suit for nothing.  
One while I think, and then I am in paine  
To think how to unthink that thought againe.

How can my soule  
but famish  
with this food ?  
Pleasures full bowle  
tastes rammish,  
taines the blood :

Profit picks bones,  
and chewes on stones  
that choak :

Honour climbs hills ;  
fats not, but fils  
with smoak.

And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,  
They passe by pearles, and stoop to pick up pease.  
Such wash and draffe is fit for none but swine ;  
And such I am : not, Lord, if I am thine.  
Clothe me anew, and feed me then afresh :  
Else my soule dyes famisht and starv'd with flesh.

## ¶ A Paradox.

*The worse the better,*

Welcome my health : this sicknesse makes me well.  
Medicines adiew :  
When with diseases I have list to dwell,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcome

*The Synagogue.*

Welcome my strength : this weakenesse makes me able  
Powers adiew :

When I am weary grown of standing stable,  
I'lle wish for you.

Welcome my wealth : this losse hath gain'd me more  
Riches adiew :

When I again grow greedy to be poore,  
I'lle wish for you.

Welcome my credit : this disgrace is glory.

Honours adiew :

When for renown and fame I shall be sorry,  
I'lle wish for you.

Welcome content : this sorrow is my joy.

Pleasures adiew :

When I desire such grieves as may annoy,  
I'lle wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit and content,  
Are spared best sometimes, when they are spent;  
Sicknesse and weakenesse, losse, disgrace and sorrow,  
Lend most sometimes, when they seeme most to hor  
Blest be that hand that helps by hurting, gives row : The  
By taking, by forsaking me relieves.

If in my fall my rising be thy will ;  
Lord, I will say, the wors. th: better still.

I'lle speak the Paradox, maintaine thou it ;  
And let thy grace supply my want of wit.

Leave me no learning that a man may see,  
So I may be a scholar unto thee.

**¶ Lamates.**

## The Synagogue.

xx

### ¶ Inmates.

A House I had (a heart I mean) so wide  
And full of spacious roomes on every side,  
That viewing it I thought I might doe well  
(Rather then keep it voide and make no gaine  
Of what I could not use) to entertaine  
Such guests as came. I did. But what befell  
Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A guest I had (alas ! I have her still):  
A great big bellyed guest, enough to fill  
The vast content of hell, *Corruption*:  
By entertaining her, I lost my right  
To more then all the world hath now in sight ; (one,  
Each day, each houre almost she brought forth  
Or other base begot, *Transgression*).  
The charge grew great. I, that had lost before,  
All that I had, was forced now to score,  
For all the charges of their maintenance,  
In doomes-day book : who ever knewt would say,  
The least summe there was more then I could pay,  
When first twas due ; beside continuance,  
Which could not choose but much the debt en-

To ease me, first I wist her to remove ;  
But she would not. I sued her then above,  
And begg'd the Court of heaven, but in vaine,  
To cast her out. No, I could not evade  
The bargaine, which she pleaded I had made ;  
That whilst both lived, I should entertaine  
At mine own charge both her and all her traine.

No

## The Synagogue.

No helpe then, but or I must die or she ;  
And yet my death of no availe would be :

For one death I had died already then,  
When first she liv'd in me ; and now to die  
Another death againe, were but to tye

And twist them both into a third; which, when  
It once bath seized on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life ; but her to kill  
I of my selfe had neither power, nor will.

So desperate was my case, Whil'st I delayd,  
My guest still reem'd, my debts still greater grew ;  
The lesse I had to pay, the more was due :

The more I knew, the more I was affraid ;  
The more I mus'd, the more I was dismaid.

At last I learnt, there was no way but one,  
A friend must doe it for me. He alone,

That is the Lord of life, by dying can  
Save men from death, and kill Corruption :  
And many yeers agoe the deed was done ;

His heart was pierc'd, out of his side there ran  
Sinnes corraives, restoratives for man.

This pfectious balme I begg'd, for pities sake,  
At Mercies gate : where Faith alone may take,

What Grace and Truth doe offer liberally.

Bonnie said, Come. I heard it, and beleaved  
None ever there complain'd but was relieved.

Hope waiting upon Faith, said instantly,  
That henceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

And

To she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas !  
She is where she was ; and still cleaves  
Cleaves fast unto me, still looks through mine  
Is in my tongue, and muses in my minde,  
Lies with my hands : her body's left behinde,  
Although her soule be gone. My miseries  
All flow from hence ; from hence my woes arise.

I loath my selfe, because I leave her not ;  
I cannot leave her. No, she is my lot  
Now being dead, that living was my choice ;  
And still though dead, she both conceives and beares  
Many faults daily, and as many feares :  
All which for vengeaunce call with a loud voice,  
And drown my comfort with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unburied quickly stink,  
And putrifie : how can I then but think  
Corruption noysome, even mortify'd ?  
Though such she were before, yet such to me  
She seemed not : Kind fooles can never see,  
Or will not credit, until they have try'd,  
That friendly looks oft false intents doe hide.

Dismortified Corruption lyes unmaskt,  
Shows her own secret filthynesse unaskt,  
To all that understand her. That doe none,  
In whom she lives embraced with delight :  
First of all deprives them of their light ;  
Then dote they on her as upon their owne,  
And she to them seems beautifull alone.

But

*The Synagogue.*

But woe is me ! one part of me is dead,  
 The other lives. Yet that which lives, is led,  
 Or rather carry'd captive unto sinne,  
 By the dead part. I am a living grave,  
 And a dead body I within me have.  
 The worse part of the better oft doth win ;  
 And when I should have ended, I begin.

The sent would choak me, were it not that grace  
 Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place

With odors of the spirit, which doe ease me,  
 And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed spirit,  
 Although eternall torments be my merit,  
 And of my self Transgressions onely please me,  
 Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raise me.

Challenge thine own : Let not intruders hold  
 Against thy right, what to my wrong I sold.

Having no state my selfe but tenancy,  
 And tenancy at will, what could I grant  
 That is not voided, if thou say avaunt ?

O speak the word, and make these inmates free ;  
 Or which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

¶ *The Curb.*

Each rebell Thought: doſt thou not know thy King,  
My God is here?  
cannot his presence, if no other thing,  
Make thee forbear?  
Or were he absent, all the standers by  
Are but his spyes:  
And well he knows, if thou ſhouldſt it deny,  
Thy words were lies.  
If others will not, yet I muſt, and will  
My ſelue complaine.

My God, even now a base rebellious thought  
Began to move,  
And ſubtly twining with me would have wrought  
Me from thy love:  
Aine he would have me to believe, that finne  
And thou might both  
Take up my heart together for your Inne,  
And neither loth  
The others company; a while ſit ſtill,  
And part againe.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrefte:  
The fault is great,  
And I the guilty party have confeft,  
I muſt be beat:  
And I refufe not punishment for this,  
Though to my paine,  
So I may leare to doe no more amifle,  
Nor finne againe.  
Correct me, if thou wilt, but teach me then,  
What I ſhall doe.

## The Synagogue.

Lord of my life, me thinks I heare thee say,  
That labour's eas'd:

The fault that is confess, is done away;  
And thou art pleas'd.

How can I sinne againe, and wrong thee then?  
That do'st relent,

And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men  
Doe but repent?

No rebell Thought: for if thou move againe,  
I'le tell thee too.

## The Lofse.

The match is made  
between my love and me;

And therefore glad  
and merry now I'le be.

Come Glorie, crowne  
my head,  
and pleasures drowne  
my bed

of thornes in downe.

Sorrow begone,  
delight

and joy alone

besit my honey moone.

Be packing now

you comb'rous Cares and Feares;

Mirth will allow

no roome to sighs and tears.

Whilst thus I lay

as ravish't with delight,

I heard one say,

so frolles their friends requites,

## The Synagogue.

22

I new the voyce,  
my Lords ;  
and at the noise  
his words  
did make, arose.  
I lookt and spied  
each where,  
and lowdly cry'd, of  
my deare ;  
but none reply'd.  
Then to my griefe  
I found my love was gone,  
Without relife,  
leaving me all alone.

## The Search.

Whither, oh ! whither is my Lord departed ?  
What can my Love, that is so tender hearted,  
 forsake the soule which once he thorow darted,  
 As though it never smarted ?

No sure, my Love is here, if I could finde him :  
He that firsall can leave no place behinde him.  
But oh ! my fences are too weak to winde him,  
Or else I doe not minde him.

Oh ! no, I mind him not so as I ought;  
Nor seek him so as I by him was sought,  
When I had lost my selfe ; he dearely bought  
Me that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me sound ;  
Lost him againe, by whom I first wasfound ;  
Him, that exalted me, have cast to th' ground :  
My finnes his bloudh have drown'd.

B 2

Tell

*The Synagogue.*

Tell me, oh ! tell me (thou alone canst tell)  
 Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell :  
 For in thy absence heaven it selfe is hell ;  
 Without thee none is well.

Or if thou beeſt not gone, but onely hidest  
 Thy presence in the place where thou abidest ;  
 Teach me the sacred art, which thou providest  
 For all them whom thou guideſt,

To ſeek and finde thee by : Else here I'le lye,  
 Vntill thou finde me. If thou let me dye  
 That onely unto thee for life doe cry,  
 Thou dyest as well as I.

For if thou live in me, and I in thee,  
 Then either both alive or dead muſt be :  
 At leaſt, I'le lay my death on thee, and ſee  
 If thou wilt net agree.

For though thou be the judge thy ſelfe, I have  
 Thy promise for it which thou canſt not wave,  
 That who ſalvation at thy hands doe crave,  
 Thou wilt not faile to ſave.

Oh ! ſeek and finde me then, or elſe deny  
 Thy truthe, thy ſelfe. Oh ! thou that canſt not lye  
 Shew thy ſelfe conſtant to thy word, draw nigh ;  
 Finde me. Lo, here I lye.

*The Returne.*

Lo, now my love appeares,  
 My teares  
 Have cleared mine eyes. I ſee  
 'Tis he.

Thanks bleſſed Lord, thine absence was my hell ;  
 And now thou art returned, I am well.

## The Synagogue.

By this I see I must  
Not trust  
My joyes unto my selfe :  
This shelfe  
Of too secure and presumptuous pleasure  
Had almost sunke my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy  
So coy,  
To be offended so  
And go  
So suddenly away? as though enjoying  
Full pleasure and contentment were annoying.

Hereafter I had need  
Take heed :  
Joyes, amongst other things,  
Have wings,  
And watch their opportunities of flight ;  
Converting in a moment day to night.

But is't enough for me,  
To be  
Instructed to be wise?  
I'le rise,  
And reade a lecture unto them that are  
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joyes would keepe,  
Must weepe,  
And in the brine of teares  
And feares  
Must pickle them. That powder will preserve :  
With repentance is the soules answere.

## The Synagogue.

Learne to make much of care;

A rare

And precious balsome 'tis

For blisse;

Which oft resides where mirth with sorrow meets,

Heavenly joyes on earth are bitter-sweetes.

## The Circumcision.

Sorrow betide my sinnes! Must smart so soon  
Seaze on my Saviours tender flesh, scarce grown

Vnto an eight dayes age?

Can nothing else asswage

The wrath of heaven but his infant blood?

Innocent infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world, great God:

No sooner born but subject to the rod,

Of sinne incensed wrath?

Alas! what pleasure hath

Thy Fathers justice to begin thy passion?

Almost together with thine incarnation?

Is it to anuide thy death? Indite

Thy condemnation himselfe? and write

The coppie with thy bloud,

Since nothing is so good?

Or is't by this experiment to try,

Whether thou beest borne mortall and canst dye?

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why

Stayes he noxill thy time be come to die?

## The Synagogue.

Didst thou thus early bleed

For us, to shew what need

We have to hasten unto thee as fast,

And learne that all the time is lost that's past?

It is true we should doe so. Yet in this blood

There's something else that must be understood:

It seals thy enuant;

That so we may not want

Witnesse enough against thee, that thou art

Made subject to the law to act our part.

The Sacrement of thy regeneration

It cannot be. It gives no intimation

Of what thou wert, but we,

Naïve impuritie,

Originall corruption, was not thine;

But onely as thy righteousness is minc'd

In holy Baptisme this is brought to mee,

As that in Circumcision was to thee:

And so thy losse and paine

Did prove my joy and gaine.

Thy Circumcision writh thy death in blood:

Baptisme in water seales my livelyhood.

Oh blessed change! yet rightly understood

That blood was water, and this water's blood.

What shall I give againe

To recompence thy paine?

Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart

To quit thy fore-skin, circumcise my heart.

¶ Indication.

## The Synagogue.

### Inundations.

WE talke of Noabs flood as of a wonder;

And so we may.

The waters did preuale, the hils were under,

And nothing could be seen but sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpassle

That flood as farre,

As heaven one starre.

Which many men regard as little as

The ordinariest things that are.

The one is sinne, the other is salvation :

And we must need.

Confesse indeed

That either of them is an inundation,

That doth the deluge farre exceed.

In Noabs flood he and his household liv'd ;

And there abode

A whole Ark-load

Of other creatures, that were then reprey'd,

All safely on the watters rode.

But when shane came, it overflowed all,

And left none free.

Nay, even he

That knew no sinne, could not release my thrall ;

But that he was made sinne for me.

And

## The Synagogue.

And when salvation came, my Saviours blood  
Drown'd sinne againe

With all its straine

Of evils; overflowing them with good,  
With good that ever shall remaine.

Oh! let there be one other inundation:

Let grace overflow

In my soule so,

That thankfulness may levell with salvation,  
And sorrow sinne may overgrow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,  
That Angels shall

Admire mans fall;

When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,  
Where Satan thought to root out all.

## Sinne.

Sinne, I would faine define thee, but thou art  
An uncouth thing,

All that I bring

To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.

I call thee the *transgression of the law*.

And yet I read,

That sinne is dead

Without the law; and thence it strength doth draw.

I say thou art the *sling of death*. 'Tis true.

And yet I finde

Death comes behinde:

The work is done before the pay be due.

## The Syngogon

thou art the devills work. Yet hee is i[n]g now with  
Should much rather call  
Call thee father let him  
For he had been no devill but for thee.  
What shall I call thee then? If death and devill,  
Right understood  
Be names too good ;  
I'll say thou art the *quintessence of evill.*

## ¶ Travels at home. ✕

Oft have I wish'd a traveller to be ;  
Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see,  
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have  
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave  
That never sayes enough ; yet still was crost  
When opportunities had premis'd most.  
Alas ! I said : What meanst thou wandring else  
To struggle thus ? Goe travell first thy selfe :  
Thy little world can shew thee wonders great ;  
The greater may have more, but not more neat  
And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt finde  
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy minde  
Will supply, and as thy will  
And which thine affections. And if still  
Thou list to travell further, put thy sleeves  
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences  
Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own  
And accrefit little world is still unknown.  
Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,  
Globes, tables, cards, and mappes, and minute glasses :  
Lay by thy journals and thy diaries,  
Close up thine annals and thy histories :

Studie

Studie thy selfe, and know thy selfe  
In thine own book, thy selfe, and know thy selfe  
To labour after other knowlage for  
And thine own necest, dearest selfe, not knowe  
Travels abroad both deare and dangerous are  
Whil'st oft the foule waies for the bodies care  
Travels at home are cleape and safe. Salvage  
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation  
*He that doth live at home, and leaveth to knowe  
God and himselfe, needeth no further gude.*

**FINIS.**